

[harringrove locked up](#) by femmesteve

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Summary:

I made a prison AU and people seem to like it, so im gonna keep writing it. This is a compilation of all the drabbles for the AU.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Got a prompt for the AU? Lemme know on Tumblr:
@FemmeSteve

Steve is crying again. Billy is pretty sure it's like 9 pm and Steve. Is. Crying. Again. He can hear him on the bottom bunk crying into his pillow, sniffing and breathing in shakily. Steve had cried every night since he arrived, and Billy was sick to death of only being able to fall asleep four hours after lights out. It wasn't right. He needed his goddamn beauty sleep and other inmates in cells surrounding their own was sick to death of it too. Billy was tired of having to protect Steve from getting his ass kicked over some dickhead complaining that Steve kept him awake.

Billy crept down from his bunk and landed on his feet. He crawled into Steve's bunk and felt him jerk upon feeling someone else get on the bed.

"It's me," Billy whispered, putting a hand on Steve's back.

Steve sniffed and turned around, unable to see in the dark but trying to anyway, "What are you doing?" He asked, voice pitiful.

Billy peeled back Steve's blanket and crawled under it, placing himself between Steve's legs. Steve allowed this, confused but trusting of the blond as always. Billy had been his rock since he had arrived, hadn't done him wrong yet.

"I know you miss your girlfriend," Billy said softly, "You miss your life..But, you gotta quit crying. It's fucking us all up.."

"I'm sorry," Steve choked on another sob, and Billy "shhh"d him.

Billy reached between Steve's legs and began to massage his soft cock, making Steve jerk violently. His lips fell open in surprise, but he didn't say anything. It was a little embarrassing how fast he started to respond to the touch. He really hadn't masturbated in a week, and god, Billy's hand felt good.

"Shh, There you go," Billy whispered, slipping his hand past the waistband of Steve's pants.

"Oh," Steve's hips bucked up as Billy began to stroke him, firm and practiced.

Billy licked his lips and leaned forward until he could press them against Steve's. Steve kissed him back roughly, desperate in the way he clutched at Billy's hair and mashed their mouths together. He had thought about whether or not he would end up doing this once he got to prison. He had thought not, yet here he was. About to come into the hand of his cell mate, whining like a slut against his mouth. Getting off on it.

"Yeah, baby, I knew you needed this," Billy grunted, beginning to suck at Steve's throat, "Gonna make you suck my cock after this."

Steve moaned and came at that, feeling shameful. He breathed heavily for a moment, still letting Billy lick at his neck while he came down. His face was still wet with tears, but he no longer felt the need to cry. Billy had done his job.

2. Chapter 2

As soon as Steve enters their block Billy is on him. He grabs Steve's wrist tightly and Steve jerks in response, only to be tugged forward again.

"One of my guys said they saw you fuckin' around," Billy said, voice calm but dangerous.

"Huh-?"

Billy grits his teeth and presses Steve against the wall, grip still tight on his right wrist, "Who are you fucking?"

"Billy-"

"Don't "Billy" me," Billy hisses, hearing Steve's shocked cry as he squeezes his wrist again.

"I'm not fucking around," Steve tells him, eyes wide and face flush.

Billy is breathing a little hard, staring Steve in the face and trying to find a crack. Steve swallows and isn't surprised to feel himself begin to grow hard. He really has no fucking idea what Billy is talking about, but fuck he's turned on. He bites his lip and lets Billy press him harder against the wall, close enough to smell the day on Steve's skin.

Billy reaches between Steve's legs with the hand not holding his wrist and seeks out his erection, giving it a squeeze. Steve breathes out sharply and leans into it as Billy hums with approval.

"Your ass is mine in here, Harrington. As soon as you crawled into my bunk and opened your legs, you became my property," Billy says, "When I was a free man, I used to kill people for touching my shit. My drugs, my car, fuck, anything. People knew better than to touch my shit." He breathes out slow, letting it dance on Steve's neck, "So, if you're fucking around while your ass has got my name on it... Better pray I don't see it with my own eyes."

Billy releases Steve and backs away, licking his lips and still

breathing steadily. He lays himself out on his bunk and reaches for a magazine, seemingly forgetting about the whole incident. Steve tips his head back and lets himself calm down. He takes a couple of good breaths and then he crawls into Billy's bunk, reaching to unbutton the blond's jumpsuit.

Billy catches his hands, brings one of them to his mouth and presses his lips against it, eyes locked on Steve. The top half of his suit is open and Steve can see his hairless chest, rising and falling steadily. Covered in ink and looking so damn good.

Steve groans and leans forward to taste Billy's grinning mouth.

3. Chapter 3

Steve had been catcalled a million times since he stepped foot in the prison. Men promising a good time, a stress reliever, someone to protect him. It made Steve's skin crawl in ways he had never imagined. He had expected a little bit of harassment, but not to the degree that it was taken.

They pulled on his hair, stared at his ass in his ugly jumpsuit, tried to get handsy. The thought of showering made him want to vomit. When he met his cell mate, he expected the same thing.

Billy looked rough. Tall and covered in tattoos, long wild hair and a bitch face that put every bratty girl Steve had ever met to shame. He had expected Billy to claim him as some kind of bitch. Cell mate rights, or some shit? But he didn't.

Steve was a sight for sore eyes according to Billy. He could see in the way that the blond stared at him sometimes that Billy wanted him like those sick fucks that tried to get a hand down his pants. However, Billy never advanced on him. Not until he wanted him to. Not until Steve came to him first, and he did.

He crawled into Billy's bunk and said all the right things. How he missed good men on the outside with big dicks and charming smiles who never called him "doll face" or "BJ lips". How he touched himself under his ratty bunk blanket and wished it was Billy. How he liked Billy when he got mean with people who tried to touch him. How it made him hard when Billy acted like Steve was already his.

Billy fucked Steve like he hadn't gotten his dick wet since he got locked up. He held a hand over Steve's mouth so he wouldn't wake their other cell mates up and made him come twice. Steve begged for it like a whore and Billy fucking loved it.

"You're mine, Harrington, anyone else touches you and you come straight to me, you got it?" He had said, voice low and dangerous.

Steve swore to worship Billy like he was the only God he'd ever known as long as Billy fucked him right and kept him safe.

4. Chapter 4

Their other cell mates were used to Billy and Steve having obnoxious sex during the day to pass the time. They knew better than to look, that it was best to just find something to do outside of their block until they finished. It wasn't abnormal to peek into their block and see Billy with his head ducked between Steve's legs, holding tight to his ankles while Steve shook and moaned.

Billy lathing his tongue against Steve's hot, little hole and making him beg for his fingers. Opening him up just enough to slide the wet muscle inside and tease. Sucking like Steve was the best thing he'd ever tasted. The entire cell block knew that Steve loved to get his ass eaten.

Shit, a lot of people thought that Steve was laying it on too thick with the way he begged and moaned. He didn't even try to stay quiet because he knew that anyone who said anything would just get their ass handed to them. Billy wouldn't have it any other way. He encouraged it.

"Your bitch is loud, Hargrove," Someone would say, annoyance and jealousy in their voice.

"Yeah, little slut loves to get his ass licked," Billy would respond casually, grinning with a hint of that sinful tongue behind it.

Steve knew that at least one guard had stopped to watch him ride Billy's face. He knew because he saw him. Saw the surprise and intrigue on his face. Watched him get hard. He hadn't even told Billy about it, and he doubted that he would, because he was kind of hoping that it would happen again. He took a kind of sick pleasure in knowing that a person of authority, who's job was to break something like that up, would stop and stare. Get off on it.

He'd close his eyes and they'd be gone when he opened them again, probably shuffling off to go jerk his dick.

5. Chapter 5

“Hey, princess, where’s ya daddy,”

Steve grit his teeth and kept walking, hearing the other inmate chuckle behind him. He was gonna let it go. He was used to the bullshit, but the second that the asshole decided to smack his ass, all of that went out the window.

Steve turned around quickly and jumped on the man with a snarl, knocking him on his ass. He was so sick of prison, so sick of dirtbags like the one beneath him, so fucking sad and tired. The inmate fought back with his fists, and that only made Steve angrier.

“I’ll fucking kill you!” Steve yelled, trying to hold the man down long enough to get a good hit in.

“Steve!”

Steve ignored the call and kept fighting, face redhot and ears ringing. He felt someone grab him from behind and drag him off of the other inmate, kicking and yelling. He would have attacked them too, had he not recognized who it was.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Billy smacked Steve’s face lightly, holding it in his hands, “You better be glad I got here before a C.O did.”

“I’m sick of being harassed!” Steve spat, tongue gritty with the taste of blood.

The inmate was still on the ground, holding his stomach and breathing heavily, “Get your bitch under control,” He wheezed.

Billy took his hands off of Steve and approached the man, not hesitating to step on his chest and keep him from squirming away, “Now, you know better than anyone that he’s not a bitch,” He said slowly.

“Yeah, fuck off!” Steve chimed in, only for Billy to signal for him to shut the fuck up.

“Stevies mighty tough, and next time, I might not get to him in time. Hear?” Billy winked and let off of the man’s chest.

He snatched Steve by the waist as he was passing, dragging the brunette along with him. Steve leaned heavily against Billy, aware that he was about to get the “MAX” lecture.

6. Chapter 6

Steve knew why Billy was in prison. He didn't hide it from anyone, because he didn't think it was a big deal. He moved drugs. Tons of them, and according to Billy, he was just gonna go right back to the business when he got out again. It was all he knew. What he loved. Heroine was his first love, he had said once.

Nobody knew why Steve was in prison, and that was because Steve didn't think it was anyone's business. He would have gone his whole sentence without telling anyone, had Billy not have asked him. Even though he trusted Billy, he wasn't sure if he wanted him to know. He didn't want Billy to see him differently. Think of him as insane. Or, as a bad person. Lots of things could go wrong, and Steve liked where they were in their relationship.

"Tell me," Billy demanded one night, voice a whisper in Steve's ear.

"I can't," Steve whispered back, turning over in the bunk so that he could face the blond.

"Come on, baby..." Billy said, "Nobody's listening but me."

Steve sighed out hard through his nose, opening his mouth several times before he finally spoke, "I violated a restraining order. Stalking charges. And assault- which is bullshit, because I never touched her!"

"Who is she?" Billy asked, playing with a strand of Steve's hair.

Steve shook his head and turned his face into the pillow, whining softly. Billy nudged him until Steve faced him again.

"Is it Nancy?" Billy asked softly.

Steve nodded tentatively and Billy sighed. He knew there was something fishy about the way that Steve talked about her. When he first arrived, Steve had talked about how he had to stay out of trouble so he could go home to his girlfriend. They were gonna get married and have a bunch of kids and dogs. Shit like that.

"I'm not crazy," Steve mumbled, reaching to touch Billy's hair.

“You are,” Billy responded with a soft laugh, “You’re a fucking Looney Tune.”

Steve groaned and shoved at Billy, “Get out of my bunk, drug lord.”

7. Chapter 7

Billy hadn't seen Steve since breakfast, and that was fine, as long as he stayed out of trouble. He couldn't constantly be on top of Steve making sure that he didn't get his ass kicked just for being gorgeous and annoying. He was content to lay in his bunk with an issue of Car and Driver that was as new as you could get in prison. It made him miss his baby, but it kept him entertained.

Someone knocked on the bed post to announce their presence. Billy didn't bother to look up from the page that he was on, indicating that he was listening with a hand motion.

"Uh, just thought you should know that some guys are talking about Harrington," He said.

Interest and concern piqued, Billy spoke, "What about him?"

"They're saying that he...Put on a show in the showers earlier," The inmate cleared his throat and started to inch out of the block, clearly not happy to be the one to tell Billy this.

Billy sighed out irritably and closed his magazine, lifting himself out of the bunk and exiting the block so quickly that he nearly shoved the inmate over, "Little slut," He was muttering.

Billy found Steve in the library, leafing through a book that had the cover ripped in half. Someone was sitting in front of him, talking aimlessly while Steve nodded and hummed to feign interest. Billy slammed Steve's book on the table, startling both men.

"Hi, Billy," Steve said sweetly.

"Shut the fuck up," Billy snapped, "Get out of here," He told Steve's 'friend'. They got up and left without another word.

"We were talking--"

"Everyone seems to be talking," Billy interrupted, "About you. Wanna tell me about that, baby?"

Steve shrugged, "People always talk in here..."

"Jesus, you stupid whore," Billy hissed, shaking his head before snatching a hand in Steve's hair, "What'd they give you? Candy? Cigarettes? What fucking possessed you to do that shit?"

Steve whined and gripped Billy's wrist, trying to relieve the pressure on his scalp, "I was bored!" He cried.

"You're not even supposed to shower without me! Someone could have raped your stupid ass!" Billy hissed, yanking hard.

"Everyone's too scared to touch me," Steve hissed back, digging his nails into Billy's skin, "You scare the hell out of everyone!"

"You knew id hear about it," Billy was practically speaking through his teeth, ready to drag Steve out of the library and tie him to his bunk with his sheets. Steve had gone quiet save for the occasional whimper when Billy pulled particularly hard, "You're bored?" He asked.

Steve sniffed and nodded, staring at the ground. He'd given up on scratching Billy and was just holding his arm like a vice.

"Well, you're about to be really fucking bored, because you're not leaving your bunk until I say so," Billy said, grabbing Steve by the wrist and pulling him out of the chair.

"No!" Steve cried, trying to pull out of Billy's grasp.

C.Os watched as Billy dragged Steve back to their block, aware of the system. Billy's system. He'd had a lot of toys since he'd gotten locked up, and they knew not to try and get in between that. One of the first things they told new officers was not to fuck with Billy Hargrove or whatever kid he's got tucked under his arm.

8. Chapter 8

Billy is a very bad man. He'd been in prison for three years by the time Steve got sentenced, and he still had a while to go. On top of that, Billy talked openly about how he was going to get his drug business back off the ground as soon as he was free. Steve couldn't fathom how anyone could love drugs that much, to which Billy responded,

"It's not the drugs, baby. It's the money. So much fucking money," He'd said this with a grin, as though he was already imagining it again.

On top of being a real life drug lord, Billy was a horrible person. He'd killed people. People who owed him money. Who threatened him or his business. People. With lives. Steve couldn't fucking imagine doing that to someone. To their family.

Billy was possessive. Violent. Grabby. He always had a hand on Steve and kept him close. He carried a shiv that he would flash at inmates that stared at Steve for too long. It was scary, and thrilling.

Steve loved him. More than anything he'd ever loved in his life. More than Nancy. He thought about life on the outside with Billy constantly. He thought about joining Billy's business and taking that risk with him. Following him across the country, out of the country. Everywhere. Never leaving his side. Always together. All the time. Forever.

9. Chapter 9

Notes for the Chapter:

This was a part of the previous chapter, but for some reason AO3 deleted it. So, here's Billy's feelings.

Steve was a headcase. He was on a whole handful of medications that he had to take every morning, and Billy had stood there and watched on numerous occasions as nurses and C.O.s had to force them down his throat.

Steve still talked about his ex girlfriend, who Billy wasn't even sure ever was his girlfriend. About how he would go to her house all the time before the restraining order. How he thought he'd found a way around it, but obviously didn't, because he was locked up.

Steve did stupid stuff for attention, like start fights between inmates or steal contraband out of people's bunks. He'd flirt with guys much bigger than Billy, "just to see if Billy loved him enough to do it." He was fucking insane. Billy was constantly getting him out of trouble, threatening to tie him down somewhere.

"Like in the psych ward?" Steve would respond, all big eyes and smiles, "It smells good in there."

Billy loved the kid. If he didn't, he would have killed the annoying fucker a long ass time ago. He loved his cute little ass and muscular legs. His handsome face and gorgeous hair. Hell, he even loved his fucked up brain. He'd kill someone so fast for Steve. If he asked him to. Doesn't even have to have a good reason. As long as he looks up at him with those big, brown eyes and says, "Please, baby?" In that stupid way he always does.

10. Chapter 10

“You must spend a lot of time in the gym,” Steve cooed, hand curled around another inmates bicep. They chuckled and flexed beneath his grip, making Steve’s face light up.

Billy had been watching Steve talk to this guy since breakfast started, idly eating his disgusting prison oatmeal and being calm. Letting Steve have his fun. He knew that Steve needed to act out at least once a day, or else he’d absolutely perish. He practically stayed in trouble, but he got one good fuck up with Billy a day.

“I bet you could bench press me,” Steve laughed, letting the other man crowd him against the table. Steve peeked up at him shyly from beneath his lashes, fingers delicate at the man’s big hands, which were on either side of his waist on the table.

“Okay, go get him,” Billy said, motioning with a spoon.

The two men sitting beside him moved immediately in Steve’s direction. Steve complained a little, but let them drag him back to Billy. Steve deposited himself into Billy’s lap,

“Now?” He asked, eyes wide and hopeful.

“After breakfast,” Billy responded, adjusting the way Steve sat on his legs.

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“Harder!”

Billy grit his teeth and adjusted his grip on Steve’s neck, practically jerking him to wipe that stupid grin off of his face. Steve bit his lip and laughed, arching off of the bed to grind his hips against Billy’s.

“I hate when you do that shit,” Billy hissed, “Every fucking day I

have to watch you go rub your ass on some guy, and it pisses me off,” He released Steve’s throat and grabbed his jaw, wrenching Steve’s face back.

“It’s so fun- ah,” Steve winced as Billy bit hard at his neck, “You’re so patient. I think maybe you secretly like it- FUCK, that hurt!” He whined, “You want me to make you mad so you have a reason to hurt me,”

“You’re the one who likes this shit,” Billy said, shoving a hand down Steve’s pants to grip his hard cock, “Fuckin’ psycho.”

Steve laughed and pressed their mouths together hard, moaning as Billy bit savagely at his lips.

“I’m gonna let you get raped,” Billy threatened, moving his hand around to grip Steve’s bare ass, “Im gonna watch you fuck around with the wrong guy. One day you’re gonna find him. He’s not gonna care who’s bitch you are, and he’s gonna laugh when you try to leave and find me.”

Steve whimpered, “You can’t,”

“Oh, I can,” Billy pulled his hand out and shoved two fingers past Steve’s lips, “You may be mine, but there’s only so much I can take, Steve.”

“Fuck you,” Steve warbled around the finger’s in his mouth.

“Watch your mouth, slut,” Billy hissed, popping Steve on the jaw.

Steve’s face stung, but he couldn’t deny that he was so fucking happy.

11. Chapter 11

Steve had wanted an 'H' rather than a 'B' only because of the less amount of effort and pain on his side. A 'B' required seven searing, hot lines across his damn face, but Billy insisted that it had to be both a capital, visible 'B' and on his face for everyone to see. Steve couldn't really argue that from his position on one of the prison's sterile, metal kitchen counter tops, held down and awaiting the first press of the hot fire poker currently sitting on top of the stove. Billy would be doing the branding, of course, and he didn't seem to mind the way that Steve was trying to squirm further and further away from the hot metal beside him, getting hotter and hotter with each passing moment.

"I might faint," Steve said, looking pale as he stared into the hot eye of the stove.

"How do cows react to this?" One of the others present mused, seemingly trying to make light of the fact that Billy was about to quite literally brand Steve. Another human being. Simply because he could. Because Steve was his to do so.

"They live. That's all I know," Billy responded, picking up the poker to inspect it.

It glowed red and Steve felt the heat of it on his skin before it was even near his face. He knew Billy wouldn't wait, or give him any time to prepare himself. He'd been doing that for the past fifteen minutes, and he figured there wasn't enough time in the world to come to terms with being branded on the face with a white hot fire poker. Billy brought it closer and Steve squirmed harder, turning his head away and into the chest of one of the guys who were doing their damndest to hold him still.

"Why can't it be an 'H', why can't it be an 'H', why can't it be a-HOLY FUCK," Steve's babbling grew into a low hiss as the first line was pressed into his cheek.

It felt exactly as he thought it would. Like his fucking flesh was melting off. Six more lines to go, and Steve was almost certain that

he would either vomit or faint before they got to number three.

“Be grateful it’s not my whole name,” was all Billy said before going back to work, pressing the next line onto Steve’s face to form the first loop of the ‘B’.

Steve could smell his own flesh and he couldn’t see anything through the water in his eyes, but he was trying to hold out until the end. It would be over soon, and Billy would be satisfied for a while. Though, Billy was truthfully always looking for ways to mark Steve as his.

Steve screamed and jerked throughout the whole process, and he would later wonder how the hell Billy managed to not poke him in the goddamn eye. Steve slumped, body exhausted and throat sore once it was finally over, freshly marked. Billy took him by the face and pried open his eyes, peering into Steve’s glazy brown stare until he was satisfied. He lived. He’s fine.

“Does it at least look good?” Steve managed to mumble.

“Looks like someone took a hot iron to your face,” Came the blunt response. That was okay.